1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

other bank, and now as we reached the opposite shore, we saw the small opening of a minor channel which we were to take. With astonishing nicety the tip of the juncture of the main stream and this smaller channel was reached at the same instant. Loin cloths were adjusted, and once more the pole-men took up their pole-sticks and continued the slow passage against the current.

The boats were now again traveling close to the bank, so that the details of the forest which fringed the river could be clearly seen. Straight from the water rose the wall of sheer green, all of a dark, almost dull purplish color—a wall of fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty feet and more, as the lianas dropped down from the upper branches of the great trees which gave these parasitic growths their support. Here and there we saw a brilliant wing of a bird, and a Bush Negro, ever ready to augment his meager food supply, would unlimber an ancient shotgun, steady himself, and shoot. In Sedefo's canoe, Angita, his pole-man, saw a blue and golden macaw silhouetted as it sat on a slender branch. Out came the shotgun. The macaw, startled but unhit, flew to another branch farther upstream. We crept slowly, noiselessly ahead, and when we were close by Angita shot again, and missed again. The macaw now did not trouble to fly away, and when Angita made aim once more, Sedefo stopped him.

"No, mati—Let him be, friend. The gods are protecting him. Put away your gun."

Again we cut across, as we regained the wide channel, this time so that the men might speak their errand to the spirit of their great ancestor, the god of the large creek. We did not go too close, however, and all we could see was an azang again, the spiritual guard of palm fronds, and beyond the whitened trunk of a tree and a slender stick with a bit of white cotton attached to its end.

Sedefo spoke conversationally. "*Avo*—ancestor—we are going up the river. We are working for the American Bak'a. We are on our way to the G'ama's country. Grant

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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As we made a tour of the village, we discussed all this with the chief and his bassia, and with the other men who accompanied us. When we reached the open place sacred to the great gods, we stopped. The shrine was a fenced-in space, perhaps eight or nine feet long and almost as wide. Inside was a slender pole, with a head carved on its top, and a cotton tunic about its middle, and this was the wife of the Great God, the chief said. The ladder with the platform on it, on which stood a bottle, was the shrine of the great Sky God. At the base of the image with the tunic were several bottles, some white clay, and a few empty glasses, and everywhere were sticks with cloth on them, many with the cloth in tatters. Where the cotton had altogether rotted away, the stick alone remained.

"Let us go in," said the chief to the men.

With the chief came a young man whose hair was braided, and who wore several obias on neck and arms. He was training to become an obia man. The bassia signaled us to follow, but the others remained outside.

The young man took up a bottle and poured some of its contents into an earthen jar, and from the jar he poured out a libation to the Earth Mother. The captain prayed, explaining that we were white people on our way to the Granman, that he was leaving in the morning to notify the Granman of our approach. Would the gods take him and us in safety, and would they see to it that all we saw should be seen with the eyes of friendship? Then he prayed for a child in the village who was ill, and for his people, and for the clan of the Granman, the Matchau lo, and for his own family. After each prayer he paused, and those outside the paling clapped their hands and sang out, "Great thanks."

Before the chief's prayer was finished, an old man came by with a bush knife in his belt, and his gun. He was just then returning from the hunt, and he stopped to thank the great gods for the kill he had made. He spoke in a whisper, but his intonation was as conversational as the chief's had been.

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

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Bayo and Tross.

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Bow and arrow used for shooting large fish.

[Facing p. 305]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

barefooted sinuous Javanese in their *sarongs* and *splendangs* out of batik. Some stores in the town are kept by Chinese. Hindus in cloth turbans, and their wives with jewelled rings through their noses, rub elbows with juffrows from Amsterdam. Here and there a copper-coloured Carib Indian adds to the strangeness of the street scene.

The Javanese are brought over in boat-loads, indentured for five years to pay their passage. After this they may return to the tea fields of Java if they like, or remain in Surinam to cultivate a piece of land which is given them. East Indians were formerly brought over in large numbers from India, but the British put a stop to this importation in both British and Dutch Guiana. The Chinese bring themselves. The only race in the colony never transported is the Indian, indigenous to the country. All these races keep the dress and, where possible, the habits of their native land. They do not mingle with each other, and seldom intermarry. The one language common to all is talkee-talkee.

There is one civic privilege accorded the Bush Negro in Paramaribo. He may camp for the night behind the store that he trades with during the day. The Bush Negroes always stop at the hardware store, run by the Moravian Brothers, to buy some bottle-shaped flasks of good *mansanny* (gunpowder). Along with the powder they purchase empty shotgun shells, that they themselves will fill. A number of other purchases are made: shot, percussion caps, tobacco, salt, cloth, an iron implement, and perhaps a mirror. When night falls, the Djukas return to the hardware store and camp behind it,

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

437 sleeping in their own hammocks slung under a shed provided for the purpose by the company. The next day they make their way back up the river, in the corial which they brought down with them tied behind the raft. They bring back no money; it is useless.

242 Cassava is very filling; yams are sweet; mareepa oil gives a sense of well-being; peanuts are pleasant while palavering; a few pieces of bahkra candy are toothsome to eat, but still the pot lacks meat. A slice of the white breast of a bush turkey, the *powesa*, or a piece of the carcass of a red howler, or a slice of fat meat from the tapir or bush cow, or the second joint of *moon*, the bush hen, or the sweet Djuka substitute for ham, *pingo*, the peccary—these are morsels that black men dream about.

226 751 After resting a few days, one of the blacks wishes to try out his new gunpowder, and makes preparation for a hunt. The bahkra powder is too strong for the thin walls of his cheap shotgun. He dilutes it with charcoal, adding a bit of pemba dotee, the sacred white clay, to help the shot find the game. A bit of dried nekku leaf from the medicine man adds to the straightness of the aim. The gun likewise must be sprinkled with high wine, squirted from the mouth. All

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

ticular animal. The red terrier will not hunt anything else. It stands now ferociously over the body of the dead parrot, its tongue hanging out, panting.

Bows and arrows are as common as shotguns, and preferred by many of the black huntsmen because they make no noise, need no mansanny. The bow is fashioned from one of the South American hardwoods, letterwood or purpleheart. The shaft is tremendously resilient, and strung with *singrasi* it takes a stout arm indeed to bend it. Singrasi is a species of grass which is hand-spun into tough cord, by rolling it on the flesh of the thigh. When unstrung, the carved bow is nearly six feet long.

The arrows are made from hollow reeds, and are extremely light and well balanced. Into one end of the reed a foot-long hardwood point is set, wrapped with singrasi and gummed. At the other end, the ferrule is similarly set in, the joint again being wrapped around to prevent splitting. Some arrows have metal points filed from old bush-knives. A five-foot arrow like this can be used as a little javelin for spearing small game. The Bush Negroes also use blunt arrows to stun birds.

A naked savage stalking through the bush, armed only with a bow and arrow, furnishes a sight of the primitive that is fast disappearing from this commonplace world. The Djuka calls some of his game, principally the agouti, by imitating their cries on a little whistle, made out of baked clay or a hollow shell. The imitation is so accurate, in the case of smaller game, as to fool even the jaguar that feeds on

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

The next day the hunters rouse early and breakfast in the freshness of the warm morning. Two of the Djukas refuse absolutely to accompany the bahkra any further. The white man, they say, goes through the jungle like a thunderstorm and brings bad luck. The prospects of getting any game with him around are exceedingly small. They get out their hunting amulets, and rub on their gun-barrels a concoction prepared by the medicine man. Daniels laughs at this, but they refuse to be teased.

"You'll see!" they assert doggedly, certain of their magic.

The party splits up to go in three directions. Two bearers remain with us, one posted out ahead as a tracker, and Daniels, who brings up the rear as gun-bearer. The other two Negroes go in different directions and are immediately out of sight. We continue ahead, cutting the way through the bush—there are no trails. For two hours we tramp along without sighting game, realizing that *more things see us than ever we see*. The jungle is not teeming with game, as popularly believed. There is an occasional herd of bush hogs, but in general it is necessary to hunt long and hard to bag any amount of meat. It is doubtful if a man could subsist on the food his gun brings in, not because the game is lacking but because of the difficulty of seeing it.

The Djukas also hunt in other ways. One device is "still hunting"—sitting motionless in a tree beside a game trail, waiting for some animal to come along underneath. The Indians' *curare* and the blow-gun which shoots the poisoned dart are not employed by the Negroes. The only co-operative

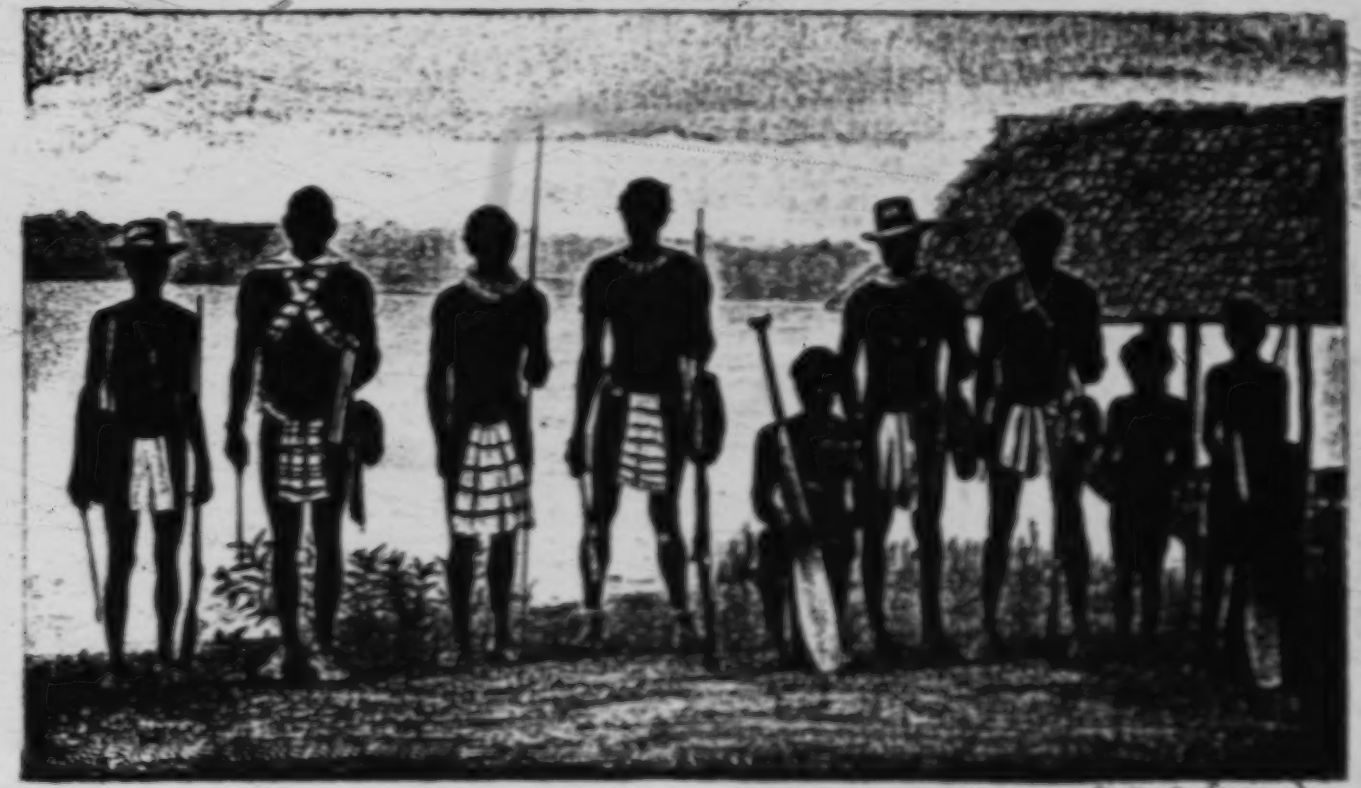
2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

226 The most primitive way of fishing, among the Bush Negroes, is with the bow and arrow. It takes a steady arm and
[227 eye. The fish arrow has a barbed point, which, besides being
416] glued on the shaft with gum, is tied to the centre of the shaft
● by a string of singrasi. When the fisher sights along the shaft and lets fly, skilfully impaling a fish just under the surface of the water, the point of the arrow may break off, but the string retains the shaft. It threshes around in the water behind the wounded fish, marking its location.

226 The Djukas are clever folk. One species of fish, the *cumaru*,
425 feeds on the seed of a certain tree, the *walaba*, that grows by the river bank. When the seed-pod of this tree is ripe, it explodes with a loud *pop!* For the fish this sound is associated with the falling of the seed into the water. They swim toward the sound to find and eat the seed. To attract these fish the Djukas imitate with a slap of the hands the noise of the cracking pod. The cumaru draw toward the spot, where the fisher is waiting with poised arrow. The result is more fish for the evening pot.

226 The women have a way of fishing in which they knock
[227] the bottom from a bottle and put crumbs of cassava into it, up near the neck. The trap is placed beside the bank, in shallow water where it can be watched. Minnows enter the submerged bottle after the crumbs, and the waiting women snatch out the bottle before the fish can escape. These minnows belong to the Rosy Barb species, highly prized by collectors of tropical fish.

[227] Other traps are carefully constructed of bamboo slats and



Bush Negroes in the Colony of Surinàm

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612 /8 cont./
[672] culprit is condemned to find the requital in his offspring. His
[567] children, children's children, and great-grandchildren must render
slave services for the family of the person poisoned.
692 Moreover, they usually act in accordance with the judgment
and the decision of their elders or council members. Most punish-
681 ments consist of whip lashes.

Chapter IV

Weapons

411 These consist of rifles, machetes, bow and arrow, and lances.
278 In some cases they also use a kind of cudgel (1). The most dangerous
682

1. An Indian weapon called apoetoe.

one that they possess, however, is an assortment of vegetable poisons with which they can secretly strike their enemies and whose effects manifest themselves slowly, but are usually lethal. They not only mix these with one food or another, or in snuff or tobacco, but in the case of some can merely bring them in contact with a part of the body and thereby produce to the most infectious results.

19/ Chapter V

Dwellings, Practices, Customs, Housekeeping

342 Their huts are constructed low above the ground from un-
129 worked round wood, covered with pina, the leaves of a palm species (1), and surrounded by palisade pales.

1. Euterpe oleracea Mart.

352 The couches and sleeping places within are also made of paling.

354 Inside the hut is found the hearth or place for the fire, on
372 which they cook and in which they constantly maintain a fire for

/24 cont./

Chapter XVI

Manner of Traveling, and so forth

484 Their manner of traveling is very simple. Usually wife and children accompany them; very rarely do they go alone. They never take along more food provisions than they consider to be strictly necessary, in order not to have any burden of great baggage, for which their small, narrow vessels made out of a tree trunk are in any case little suited.

484 As primitive people they are able to withstand deprivations
● 411 very well, but nonetheless they always take care to be armed when they go traveling. These hunting and war weapons consist of gun, powder, lead, bow and arrows, as well as a machete and an ax.

484 Frequently they can continue on these journeys in a small,
505 narrow corjaal (canoe) for weeks on end; there is, of course, a
[501] great lack of comforts, but they are contented so long as they
[372] merely have a little place in the corjaal where they can maintain a flaming fire, which serves for the preparation of foods and because the Negro generally finds in it a, for him, pleasant sociability. Their journeys are not of great significance; they never extend across the sea, which is the case among the various Indian tribes.

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Chapter XVII

Manner of Waging War, Ceremonies in connection with Concluding Peace and Alliance

721 War is rarely waged by or among them, but when it does take place, their conflict bears the character of a thirst for revenge, treachery, and hatred.

728 At the conclusion of peace, the subject party pledges itself
[273] to satisfy the demands of the victors, provided these are mutually judged as fair. As part of the ceremonies observed on this occasion there is also a large consumption of dram.

6:Hurault--107a K-5 (1948-1958) 1961 SRS Bush Negroes SRS
Boni

/facing p. 76/

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Fig. 15. House type of the Refugee Blacks; Loabi village (Djuka of the Upper Tapanahoni).

6:Hurault--265a K-5 (1948-1958) 1961 SRS Bush Negroes SRS Boni

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Fig. 25. The coffin is placed on board a canoe.

6:Hurault--279 K-5 (1948-1958) 1961 SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Boni

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	for Boniville	for Asizi-Dju
Fintiman Kelémenti Doni Alibi	sons and grandsons of Béniti (Dju)	3 men over 20 years old
4 young men of the Kotika lineage		4 to 5 adolescents
1 —	Dip. I —	
2 —	Lapé —	
1 —	Papalston—	
2 —	Poti —	

They furnished a total of two weeks of work but each one collected for himself about 15 kilograms of dry fish.

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The buchiman, riding in five large canoes decorated with multicolored oriflammes, approach the Boniville wharf where all the young people of the village are massed, the men armed with their guns, the women brandishing banners made of brand-new camisas. The hurrahs resound, punctuated by hundreds of shots. In an atmosphere of enthusiasm the buchiman make their entrance into the village and go to report on their mission to the council assembled under the mortuary shed. According to custom, this council is improvised at the last moment by the elders who are there, without attention to origin, and does not involve any definite authority.

Four baskets of dried fish are put down at the edge of the shed, for the mourning-lifting festival, then each one goes to get and arrange in his house a big personal basketful.

The fish intended for the festival are distributed among the women charged with preparing them.

About 2:00 P.M. the elders are assembled in the western part of the shed; in the eastern part, the near relatives of the dead for whom mourning will be lifted lament.

Several apinti drums are brought and placed laterally.

/250 cont./

751 Next in the preoccupations of the Refugee Blacks come the ɔbia called tapu, that is to say, protection. There exist numerous kinds adapted to the various dangers of a supernatural order (protection against other divinities, against the maleficent entities of the bush, against the wisimã).

[796] [754] The Ampuku are generally asked for tapu against the wisimã. We saw a remarkable one in front of the house of F... (Dju). Its owner was not a little proud of it and he talked about it to us freely.

751 798 [532] The ɔbia, placed at ground level in front of the door, was composed of a crude representation in clay of a head in which appeared two wide-open eyes: in front of it were planted in the ground three plant clusters including a planting of groundnuts and one of maize; the whole was topped by a small basket containing an egg. It was necessary to water the ɔbia with a certain infusion of leaves at regular intervals to restore its force.

751 754 This ɔbia insured infallible protection against wisimã; in fact, none of them would have been able to cross the threshold without stubbing his toe on the door frame in spite of all his precautions; F... stated that his ɔbia constituted by this fact an effective means of detection of wisimã, for it was enough for him to invite suspects to enter his hut, to know what to think; the wisimã refused, for fear of thus being given away in the eyes of all; one could thus at least pin down suspicions.

751 [411] Other ɔbia are called sama mɔfu tetɛy (ɔbia against "people's mouths," that is, people's jealousy). They are nearly always seen on fine guns; they have a cord to hold them made of mɔriti palm fibers, to which two cowries are fastened.

755 The ɔbia intended to treat diseases generally have for support a calabash containing the infusion of leaves and a ball of pɛmba (kaolin). The person concerned sprinkles himself several times a day with this liquid.

/254 cont./

784 756 751 If someone realizes that he has broken his kina, he goes to see, not an obiaman, but the specialist-healer of leprosy and asks him to treat him by way of prevention.

411 832 [177] [558] Beliefs about guns and hunting. The gun, which entered the everyday life of the Refugee Blacks two centuries ago, has taken an important place in their magic. It is the symbol of virility. A Refugee Black who no longer has a gun is a man humiliated and almost dishonored. As one of them explained to us in begging us to help him replace his old gun eaten by rust: "If you cannot present yourself before the women with a machete, hunting bag on your shoulder, and gun in your hand, you are not a man."

411 754 This idea has been transposed onto the plane of magic and they take for granted that the wisimã can, by putting evil spells on a gun, attack the owner of the weapon in his virility. It is supposed to be enough for someone to put his finger into the barrel of the gun while uttering a formula of vengeance, or even being moved by hate for the owner of the weapon, for this gun to be no longer capable of hitting the mark. So, to avoid these misfortunes, the Boni never part with their guns and never lend them to anyone. If, in spite of these precautions, they 411 789 have the impression that a gun no longer fires so well, they will go to an obiaman to have it washed of maleficent influence. There exist for that purpose several remedies all of which consist of soaking the gun for one to three days in infusions of leaves, which has the unfailing result of making it rust. We have seen a hammerless, latest model gun spoiled thus by an intelligent Boni head boatman, a clever mechanic and usually full of good sense.

224 We have never witnessed among the Boni any individual or collective hunting rites claiming to attract game or to promote meeting it (when, on the contrary, hunting piayes are extremely widespread among the Creoles).